#### THE LION'S CLAW.

[Translation from Md'lle. Bouchier.] Julien de Rhe. Heutenant in the navy, had come back in a sad condition from his expedition to Cochin China; and when, after three long months of illness in his Touraine nome, he grew strong enough to walk a few yards on the terrace of the banks of the Loire, with his mother and sister on each side of him-how lovingly they had numed him, the good sonls-those shivering fits still came over him sometimes if the autumn winds were colder than usual.

"You should go to Pau for the winter," said the doctor; "the climate is mild and not too hot-just the thing for you-calming and soothing; and you will come back to in love with her, but none of them really reyour mother in three months' time a man

And so it was that, toward the middle of November, Julien de Rhe, leaning from his annlit window in the Hotel Garderes looked cut upon the sublime panorams of the Pyresees, puffing the while at those cigarettes which seem so delicious to a convalescent, and fell to thinking of those he had smoked formerly in secret between decks on the Bords. They brought back all the sensations

of bis sixteenth year. Why, the place is full of pretty women, said the young fellow the first time he went out to listen to the band in the Place Royal, and to stroll in the sun in front of the status of good King Henry; and though he was neither a libertine nor a fop, the sailor, beg uning to enjoy life again, dressed himself to his best cap, and his frock coat with the three new gold bands, and the rosette of the Legion of Honor, that his mother had brought to him when he lay in bed so ill that he never hoped to wear it but once-on the black cloth of his coffin.

It had been a good idea, all the same, to come to Pau. How beautiful it all was—the sum that warmed without burning, the blue heavens, the wide landscape, with its for off boundary of hills, and beyond its snow peaks rising into the sky. And how amus-ing it was to stroll about in that cosmopolitan crowd, omong the fair foreigners, and listen to their voices talking every language in Europe, and mingling togethsome disagreeable signis as well-such ( as the young Englishman, for instance, in the last stage of consumption, who was wheeled about in a little carriage by his servant, wrapped in shawl and comforts; the Englishman, who had eyes like a boiled his mouth. Ah! it was enough to make one he landed at Toulon, as thin as a skeleton, with circles around his eyes like two ringr of chocolate; and he thought that, now he was cuted, he had had a narrow escape.

And Julien de Rhe felt that it was a good thing to be slive, to breath the warm, soft ar out there in the sunshine, well dressed, treshly shaved, and proud of the rosette at his button hole. And he gave meney to the beggars, gazed after the pretty women who passed him and at last stopped, feeling quite softened at the sight, to watch the pretty little American girls in black stockings and ployes, and floating white dresses, who were darking in a ring around one of the trees of the Place Royale, to the tune of the doublequick march which the band was playing.

He was just ready to fall in love, this lappy convalescent, and it was a case of love at first sight the day he saw Mademoiselle Olga Barbarine, the most beautiful girl of all the Russian colony, jump from her horse in front of the Hotel Gassion, where

the lived with her mother. It was 5 o'clock in the evening, and she had just returned from the hunt. The five or six admirers, in pink, who accompanied her had jumped off their horses to gether to help her down. She took the first hand that came, and as soon as she was off her horse she knocked on one of the tables in the veranda with the handle of her riding whip, and, calling for a cup of milk, which she drank at a draught, stood there a moment. laughing, looking like some goddess of old. with her slender form distinctly outlined, as if molded in her black riding habit, and the waves of her shining auburn hair loosened from her man's hat and falling on her shoulders. She held her empty cup in both bands, satisfied, and, as it were, intoxicated by the fresh beverage, and behind her the setting sun lit up her golden hair till it encircled her face like a halo.

Then, suddenly grave again, she put down the cup on the table, gave a slight, disdainful bow to the group in pink, and walked with a queenly step into the hotel, tapping her boot with her riding-whip.

Three days later Julien de Rhe, who had spent his time asking his friends, "Who is she? I am badly in love with her; I adore her," etc., was introduced-not a very diffi cult matter-to the Barbarines, and made one of the squadron of admirers of the beau-

Was she really a Russian, this intoxicating creature, who had been galloping about all day and waitzing all night, ever since the beginning of the season? Yes, by her reputed father, her mother's first husband, the Count Barbarine. But every one knew the mother had been divorced just at the very time of he daughter's birth, and that Madame Barbarine, whose father was a New York banker named Jacobson, bad long kept up a liason that was almost public with a northem Prince-some Christian or Oscar. Had she any nationality, this child who had been brought up, by turns, in a Scotch nursery, in a convent at Naples, in a school at Geneva; who had slept half her nights on the cushions of express trains, and in whose memory, as in a stereo cope, there was nothing but a succession of watering-places, seaside towns, winter cities, and other places of fashlonable resort, to which, for the last fifteen years, her mother-still a handsome woman, in splite of the eruption on her face -had carried her blase person, her ennui. her samovar, and her pet monkeys? Alas! she had no country, this strange girl, who, with all the modesty of a maiden, had the audacity of a boy, and who said, laughing at herself, "As for me, I am neither from Loudon nor from Paris, nor from Vienna, nor from St. Petersburg. I am from the table d'hote.'

Had she any relations? None, it seemed. Her true father-the O car, or Christian, to to whom Madame Barbarine so often alluded -had been dead several years, and her father bad never taken any notice of her. He was completely ruined, and had no other means of existence but his gun. He was a dead shot, and earned his living by winning prizes at the pigeon matches like a sort of civilized Leatherstocking. As for the Counteas, though she had periodic attacks of motherly sentimentalism that set one's teeth on edge they rang so false, she was blessed with the most perfect, absolute selfishness. When Olga, who was then eight years old, had had typhoid fever, and nearly died of it, Madame Barbarine, while she was nursing

when he enrolled himself in the flying on the table. squadron that was always maneuvring Julien de Rhe opened a news sheet about | which I purchased of your agent, effected a about Mademoiselle Olgo Barbarine. Yet he | three weeks old, from Paris, and read under | permanent cure."

and touching girl, who looked him so straight in the face, and who, the day the Lieutenant was introduced to her by a mutual friend, said to him, as she lit her phe realt cigarette:

"Ah! you are the man who is so much in love with me? How do you do?" And she shook his hand like a man

He fell in love with her, the good honest sailor, and to love her all the more that, betrue. Who knows. Perhaps she felt the vanity of her life of pleasure and agitation. What is certain is that she judged and judged saverely, all those young fellows who field, and wrote their names on her pro- dream. spected her, for there was not one among them who had as yet made up his mind to ask her to marry him. And she treated them pret'y roughly, and called them to order-with a good stroke of her riding whip, like the handsome horse-woman she was-when they ventured to whisper too close in her ear in the whirl of the waltz, or to squeeze the hand she held out to them in good-fellowship. Julien, whose refinement of heart stood him instead of quickness of perception-it is often the simple-minded who see the most clearly-had discovered the hidden treasures of loyalty in the soul of his patrician, who was in reality so unhappy. He loved her for her beauty certainly, and his senses recled when he felt her lean upon his arm in the pauses of the dance-this grand fair woman, with her dark eyes, and her skin that seemed so like the rose after a storm, when, in her nonchalant way, she talked to him, intoxicating him with the | full load of fresh stable manure (be sure and violet fragrance of her breath and the glitter of her starry eyes. But he loved her as well, he loved her above all for the pain she hid so the sad, sorrowful glance that Olga bant on her mother when Madame Barbarine, at her four to-six tea-sitting with her back to the light to hide the black spot on her nose, conquests in the northern courts.

He would marry her. Yes, he would take her away from these perilous sarrounding, a good wor, an. She should breathe the pur- long, one inch thick and two inches wide. day his pious companions met another er like like the different songs of th birds | iiying and strengthening atmosphere of a | Tack the other edge to this, bring this canvas | preacher of the same complexion, and when in an aviary. It is true that there were home that was worthy of the name. In a down over the hot bed, smooth, leav- the two sable elects came face our word, he would save her

nothing else now. He even fancied some and fish, and wore a black respirator over | frank, boyish way of hers. when she handed | dirt is warm, not hot, and if hot, wait until the sailor his ten in a glass, after the Russian | you feel it is warm only. Make a furrow striver. And then after the first movement | fashion, he thought he saw in the depth of | length wise at the back for tomatoes, crossif pity-men are such egotists-Julien re- the young girl's eyes a sweet far-away light wise for cabbage, mango peppers or any membered what he looked like himself when | that seemed to respond to his generous pity | other low growing plant you may wish, and infinite tenderness .

shall spend a few days in Touraine with my | days roll the canvas back and give the plants sea again.

mering above them in the dark heavens. "Good-bye, then, and a pleasant journey

answered Olga, with her fresh, young voice, "I want to ask you for something, Monsieur of de Rhe. Yes, that lion's claw mounted on a s chain. I have a fancy for it. It came from a lion that you once killed out hunting in Africa, didn't it? I am a sort of wild animal myself. That trinket pleases me. Give it to proves, the soil. me; I will keep it in remembrance of you.' Julien unfastened the little charm and put it into the girl's hand; then suddenly he caught her hand in both his own and waispered passionately:

"I love you! Will you be my wife?" upon her breast, she looked Julien in the face for a moment with no sign of emption

"No," she said, at last, "no! And yet you are the first man who has loved me, and told me so in that straightforward way. It is for

that reason that I refuse. "Olga!" cried Julien in a changed voice. "Listen to me," she went on, interrupting him by a gesture, "and understand thoroughly why I answer no. I feel that I am not worthy of you, and I should not make you happy. You remember that letter of your sister's that you complained of having lost? Well, you dropped it here, and picked it up and read it. Your sister your feelings for me-feelings that I had | gnessed long ago. She rejoiced at them, like the simple, innocent child she is, but in terms that have shown me what a wide, what a real maiden. When I read that letter I saw what your family was like. Yours is an old and honorable house-is it not?-into which you should bring none but an honorable wife. You should thank God. Monsieur de Rhe, that you have a gray-haired mother of whom you can never think without feeling a proud tenderness melting your heart. I have a mother, too, but I have been forced to judge her. You have only seen the ridiculous side, monsieur, but I know her better. If you were to ask her for my hand she would refuse you, because you are of the minor mobility and your fortune is moderate. My the ki mother has made up her mind I am to make time. grand marriage; or, if not-if not, she will find me something else. Hein? You see I em pretty experienced for a girl of nineteen. It is horrible-is it not? But so it is. And that is why we were at Nice last winter, at Skeweningue last summer, and why we are now at Pan. That is why we knock about from one end of Europe to the other like so much baggage; why we never sleep but in hotel beds, and only eat at the table d'hote. My mother was almost a royal princess, you know, and ever since I was

fifteen she has given me to understand that I am destined to be at least an archduchess. if only a left-handed one, Marry a gentleman hardly more than a bourgeois! Why in her eyes, I should be lowering myself Ab, you must be disgusted with me; and I am ashamed of myseil! No, don't deny it. No, you could never take me as your mother -I, whose heart has been so dea 1-as your wife. Besides, I am only an expensive and useless luxury that you have no need of. and that could never make you happy. And for that matter. I don't love you-I don't love any one. Love is among the things that when apples are in over supply, as they that have been forbidden me. Farewell, Monsieur de Rhe. Go away, and say no more, for God's sake. Only-you will leave me your lion's claw, won't you? It will remind me of a true-hearted man, to whom I have acted like a true-hearted woman. No; say no more. We must part forever. Fare-

Three years after the steam transport, Du her little girl for appearance's sake, never once forgot to put on her greased gloves at night to keep her hands white.

Julien de Rhe learned all these things

the Canaries to take letters. After she had complaint will hall with delight the news started on her journey trough the rough that a certain remedy exists. F. Hoffman, night sgain, the boats wain came into the of-ficers' cabin and laid a packet of newspapers that I have had the dumb ague, and by usthe Canaries to take letters. After she had | complaint will hall with delight the news

fell in love with her desperately, this strange | the heading, "Movements and Whereabours," the following lines: "His Majesty, the King of Swabia, who is traveling incognito, under the name of the Count of Augsburg, arrived here yesterday

evening. "An annoying accident happened at the station on his Majesty's arrival. The Baroness de Hall, who, only accompanied by her mother, the Counters Barbarine, was travel ing with his majesty, lost a jewel-of slight fore long, he came to understand and pity | value, though she apparently set great store ber. For he was not mistaken; Ogla was on it. It is a simple lion's claw mounted on strange, and badly brought up: but she bad | a small circle of gold Madame de Hall has ro coquetry, and her soul was proud and offered a reward of 200 francs for the re- timbers which susport the floor have decovery of this iewel."

"Look out, Julian, you are forgetting the hour of your watch, my dear fellow." "Thank you." said Julien de Rhe, th owdanced attendance on her in the hunting | ing down the paper, and waking as from a

That night the man at the wheel, who was a'one on the poop with the officer of the watch, saw him put his handkerchief to his face several times. There was a good dea' o' wind and sleet, yet, where he stood, it could

### Making a Hot-Bed.

not have reached him.

[Correspondence Toledo Blade.] In the first place select a warm southern exposure, high and dry as posmble, so that no top water can run through the bed after it is made. Make as long as you like-say six feet long, three feet wide, two feet high on the south side, three feet high on the back part. Set posts at each corner, front ones two feet, back ones three feet. Board up the sides and then the ends. Let the top of ends slove down to the lower side. This gives it the slant to the south. Be careful to make it mouse and rat proof as near as you can. Next put on the stove a wash-boiler of water to hest boiling hot Have a good have it fresh, as it is often not warm enough otherwise) and fill up the hot-bed until ab out eight inches from the top. Then take a hoe proudly, and his heart burned as he watched | and pound it down firm, and then more manure if it packs down much, so as to keep it about eight inches from the top. Have your hot water ready. Pour on the manure now. Cover up the manure with four inches of against which even the anti-bothos was rich dirt, composed of part sand and rotten powerless-hinted almost openly at her royal | wood dirt. Have this even depth; put it down firm. Have two and one fourth yards of unbleached quilt lining; muslin is thick enough. Tack it to the north edge; then would take her to his own mother, who was have a light piece of smooth board, six feet | divine who was in his employ. During the ing the ends free. Take a common He often thought of it; he thought of paint brush, proceed as if painting. Have one quart of boiled lineeed oil; go over times that Olga had guessed his intention, the canvas with the oil once, and keep it and at Madame Barbarine's four-to-six. drawn down over the hot-bed over night. where Olsa treated all her admirers in that | Next day roll back the canvas and see if the being careful not to ow the seed the thick, three inches apart for the rows, and the "les, mademoiselle, my sick leave is up | plants will come up in ashort time. When teshun an' meet me down at de chu'ch toin a week. I shall leave Pau to-morrow. I | up keep moist, but not very wet, and on fine | night. I'se done heer'd 'bout yo' braggin' as sister, and from there I shall go back to the sunshine. Pull out all the little weeks I jes' wants to git you down to de chu'ch Brest as side-de-camp to the naval prefect, as you go along and some of the plants; if | wunst, an' I'll show you wher'er you can in a year or eighteen months I shall go to | too thick they will rot. Take more manure | beat me a preachin' or not.' and bank up the north side and end. Keap They were standing in the reading-room of the canvas down of night's and when rainthe hotel, standing near an open window, ing, and it it should be frosty still, c ver at with thousands of stars twinkling and glim- | night with a thickness or two of old blanket

No one hears complaints of the low values of grass in any form. Grass seems to have steady and substantial value, waich little gold ring that you wear at you watch- | does not decline because of a surplus product, and which may be turned from one use to another with advantage. And its growth does not exhaust, but rapidly im-

# Knocked Out by Disease.

The most vigorous physique and adamantine endurance can not hold out unaided against climatic and other influences prejudical to health. No one can persistently breathe vitiated or misasmatic Olga loosened her hand gently, still hold- air, est unwholesome food, indulge in excess, or ing the lion's claw; then, crossing her arms | toil unceasingly, without eventually falling a prey to disease. One of the surest defensive measures against it is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. But potent as this auxiliary of health is, it would be preposterous to expect It to maintain a sanitary condition of the system if they who seek its aid wilfully abandon every other precaution against disease, and thus thwart its operation. Sobriety, the avoidance of exciting cause, are important elements in health maintenance. A regard being had to these, a system fortified by the Bitters will be exempt from malaria, rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation and other maladies.

There are as many as three reasons why a sandy field is not a profitable one to cultivate. It does not contain a sufficient quantity of natural food for plants, and therefore answered the confessions you had made of | it can not sustain them. It is not capable of receiving those materials of gases which the atmosphere is always ready to furnish for the growth and support of plants. It admits of much loss of manure that may be a terrible difference there is between me and | applied, and in ways that have already been pointed out.

> "That Miss Jones is a nice looking girl. isn't she?" "Yes, and she'd be the beile of the town if it wasn't for one thing.'

"What's that? "She has catarrh so had it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her." Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure catarrh every

Lime in some form is indispensible to the formation of egg shells. It is more generally supplied to hens in the form of old mortar, broken shells and broken bones. Either generally suffices, but all are better than either alone. Soft and thin-shelled eggs are generally, but not always, the result of an insufficient supply of lime, and egg eating among hens is generally caused by a neglect to supply this essential element of egg production.

New Light on Rheumatism. "I had been completely disabled from rheumatism. I used Parker's Tonic for kidney disease, when, to my astonishment, the rheumstism completely disappeared." So writes Mrs. Henry Bogert, of No. 454 Atlan-tic avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Rheumatism

arises from the failure of the kidneys to separate the uric acid from the blood. The surplus apples in seasons of plenty are now much more generally preserved for future use than formerly. This equalizes the price in the odd and off years, except are in many cases this year, the evaporating establishments can not take the crop as fast as it is offered. But the dryers who buy fruit early at the lowest prices are so certain to make well by that they push the business

to the utmost limit.

Among the various forms of fever and igue, chills and similar ailments, none are more trying than that known by the designs-Couedic, returning from Senegal, touched at | tion of "dumb ague." Sufferers from this ing one bottle of Mishler's Herb Bitters,

A PECTITIR REING.

A Woman Who Prefers to Live in Fifth in One Room Shared by Animals. On one of the back roadsof Warren, N. H.,

nearly five miles from the village, where the

passing of a team is the event of the day.

stands what is probably the most dilapidated

dwelling in the country. Windows are gone, clapboards hang by one nail, chimneys totter and one side of the house has rotted and completely fallen away. The roof on that side rests on the ground. Inside the condition of things is fully as bad. The cayed until from time to time the flooring of a room has given way, and now there are but two rooms in the house in which the floor does not rest the cellar bottom. In one of these rooms Mrs. Mary Geralds, an Ameri can woman, sixty-seven years old, of good family, exists. Mrs. Geralds had a shall amount of stock, which from time to time she took into the room with her, until she was sharing her one room with four sheep, three lambs, four dogs, five cats, a flock of hens and some pigeons, the hens and pigeons using the headboard of the bed for a roost. A few cays since the attention of the selectmen was called to the case and they visited the house, finding that in the inner room Mrs. Geralds kept her surplus clothing, having to cross another room on a narrow plank, which was so insecure that they feared to cross. She was ordered to take her belong. ings from the inner room, throw the plank in the cellar, and cease making a stable of her living room. The strangest part of the affair is that she has a son in comfortable circumstances, a fermer physician in Hyde Park, who offers her a comfortable home, which she will not scrept,

Rival Colored Exhorters.

[Atlanta Constitution.] Every plantation and neighborhood has one or more "exhorter," "class-reader" or "licentiate." who is regarded by his set as a leader in everything, more especially in politics and religion. An instance which aptly illustrates the spirit of jealousy that often exists between the class of pulpit orators just referred to was related to the writer a few days ago by a prominent citizens of Lee County. He had occasion to visit a plantation some miles from his own, and was accompanied by a colored informant overhead the following dialogue between them:

"Good mawning. Bradder Sims." "Mawnin', sir; dat's Brudder Slappey, I believe; how do you do dis mawnin'?" "Jes tolerable - how is you?"

"I'm so's to be about, thanks to de Lawd." "You gwine to stay bout here to night, Brudder Sims?

"Well, I danno: I'se jes' passin' 'bont wid Mr - an' I dunno wher'er we'll git out'n de settlement fo' night or no.'

"Well, I jes' dars you to stay on dis planhow you could beat me er preachin', an' now

"Yes, I can beat you, too, an' fur as dat's concerned I'd like to stay an' lay it on to you, but I dunno if I can be wid you tonight. I'se been hearin' 'bout yo' braggin', too, an' I'd jes' like to get de chance to show you wher'er I can preach or not."

"Well, den jes' stay over it you dar-stay over, dat's all I wants you to do!" "Sartin I will if I can, an' if I can't I'se gwine to mest you, Providence permitt'n, de very naixt chance I gits; an' when I does git er hold of you I'll show you dat I wasn't called o' de Lawd for nuth'n."

# One Woman's Pride.

[Atlanta Letter.]

"I have the smallest foot of any lady in the United States," was the remark with which Mrs. Frank Leslie astonished a party of gentlemen who were dancing attendance upon her to-day. The gentlemen, of course, bowed acquiescence, and the conversation passed on to other topics, in the course of which the lady scored sensational journalism, and expressed the opinion that a few casualties might purify the air.



Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,

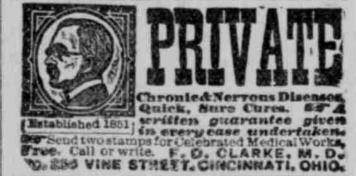
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# Spring Medicine

When the weather grows warmer, that At no other season is the system so susextreme tired feeling, want of appetite, ceptible to the beneficial effects of a reduliness, languor, and lassitude, afflet liable tonic and invigorant. The impure almost the entire human family, and scrof- state of the blood, the deranged direction, ula and other diseases caused by humors, and the weak condition of the body, caused manifest themselves with many. It is im- by its long battle with the cold, wintry possible to throw off this debility and expel blasts, all call for the reviving, regulating humors from the blood without the aid of a and restoring influences so happily and reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. effectively combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I could not sleep, and would get up in | "Hood's Sarsapariila did me a great deal the morning with hardly life enough to get of good. I had no particular disease, but out of bed. I had no appetite, and my was tired out from overwork, and it toned face would break out with pimples. I bought me up." Mrs. G. E. Simmons, Cohoes, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon | "For seven years, spring and fall, I had began to sleep soundly; could get up with- scrofulous sores come out on my legs, and

better." H. F. MILLET, Boston, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

out that tired and languid feeling, and try for two years was not free from them at appetite improved," R. A. Sanford, Kent, O. all. I suffered very much. Last May I began "I had been much troubled by general taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had debility. Last spring Hood's Sarsaparilla taken two bottles, the sores healed and the proved just the thing needed. I derived an humor left me." C. A. ARNOLD, Arnold, Me. immense amount of benefit. I never felt "There is no blood purifier equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla." E.S. Phelps, Rochester, N.Y.

> Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made

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ANTIDOTE FOR CHOLERA, MINISTER We are the only concern in the United States who are bottling and selling to the Medical or refession and Drug Trade an absolutely Pure Malt Whiskey, one that is free from FUSIL OIL and that is not only found on the sideboards of the best families in the

country, but also in the physician's dispensing room. DR. ARENDT, the great German Chemist, says:—"I have made an analysis of your PURE MALT WHISKEY, which gave a very gratifying result. Your Malt Whiskey, obtained mostly by extract of malt convusion and a very careful of fermentation and distillation, is entirely free from fusil oil and any of those similarly obnoxious alcohols which are so often found in whiskey. I therefore, RECOMMEND IT TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Prof. VON VONDER, writes :- "Purity itself- | mous Malt Whiskey, I know it to be whol Duffy's Malt Whiskey, is' the purest liquor that I have ever analyzed. I must therefore unqualifiedly recommend it to the medical profession."

The late HARVEY L. RYRD, M. D., President of the Faculty, and Professor of the Baltimore Medical College, says: "I find it remarkably free from fusil oil and other objectionable materials so often found in the whiskies of the present day.

JAMES' J. O'DEA, M. D., of Staten Island, the author of several works on insanity, writes: "When I prescribe an alcoholic stimulant, I order your fa
Taken and unadulterated."

FRED. H. SAWERS, M. D., of Rochester, N. Yeard a graduate of the leading European colleges, says: "prescribe your Malt Whiskey in my practice her consider it a very superior reliable article and enhanced in flammations, and depressing maladies generally and also as a tonic in feeble digestion and convacence from acute diseases, where an alcohol stimulant is indicated, and especially in Phthis Pulmonalis." offy's Malt Whiskey, is the purest liquor that I clean and unadulterated."

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